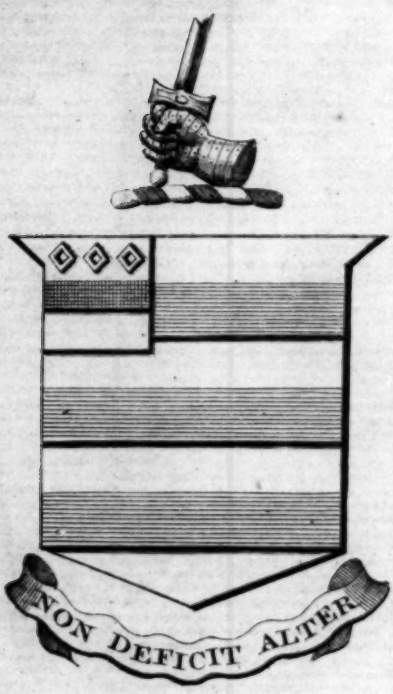

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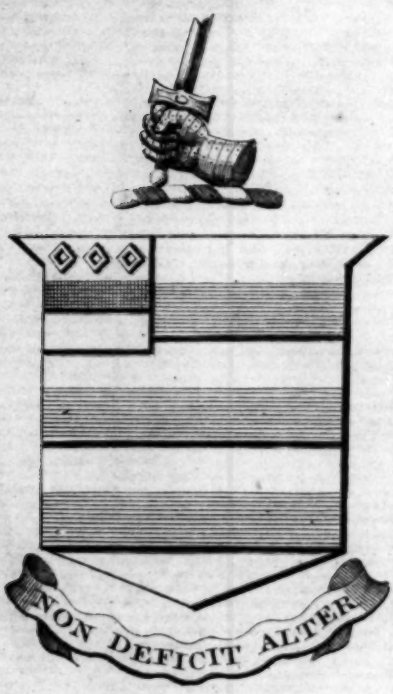

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1775.6 39

THE

GHOST.

A

COMEDY

OF

TWO ACTS,

As performed

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Crow-ſtreet*, and *Smock-Alley*.

CORKE:

Printed for the Proprietors,

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir Jeffery Conſtant,	Mr. *Hollocombe.*
Capt. Conſtant,	Mr. *Loveman.*
Truſty,	Mr. *Remington.*
Clinch,	Mr. *Jefferys.*
Roger,	Mr. *Waker.*
Belinda,	Mrs. *Anſtill.*
Dorothy,	Miſs *Vandermere.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE GHOST.

SCENE I. The Minſter-yard in Peterborough.

Enter *Capt. Conſtant*, and *Clinch*, in Mourning.

Conſt. CLINCH! Where are you, Sirrah? Why don't you come along?

Clin. A! Pox of this riding Poſt —Look ye, Captain; if you have threeſcore Miles farther to go, I am your humble Servant.

Conſt. No, Sirrah, I am at my Journey's end---This Town of Peterborough is the bound of all my Wiſhes.

Clin. Say you ſo, Sir! Pray be pleas'd to make it mine too.

Conſt. Why? What is your Wiſh?

Clin. Why, with Submiſſion, Sir, to know the Reaſon of your Expedition, and gravity of Habit: Have you a mind to ſet up the Buſineſs of an Undertaker here in the Country?

Conſt. No, Clinch, my Buſineſs is with the Living, not with the Dead, I'll aſſure you.

Clin. Then can't I for my Blood imagine why you are thus dreſs'd; your Father, nay, your whole Family are well; not ſo much as a Nephew, or ſecond Couſin dead; nay, nor no fear of Peace--Then why the Devil are we in black? You laugh---But, Sir, to the Point; either let me into the Secret, or diſcharge me.

Conſt. Ha, ha, ha! Why then if I muſt tell thee this Habit, if Fortune favours me, will be worth to me Two thouſand Pounds.

Clin. Say you ſo, Sir; and pray how much will it be worth to me? For I am dres'd like you--I hope you have no deſign to rob upon the highway.

Conſt. Raſcal!

Clin. Nay ben't angry, Sir; 'tis what many an honeſt Gentleman muſt come to: I have no Averſion for the Name; but I have for the Puniſhment therefore what good can I do you.

Conſt. Ha, ha, ha! You can weep, Sirrah, can't you.

Clin. Ay, Sir, I ſhall weep, that's certain, to ſee you come to the Gallows———

Conſt. Ye Dog you, I tell you there is no danger.

Clin. No danger——Why then ſhall I weep for Joy, Sir.———But how, Sir, how; muſt I roar or ſhed Tears?

Conſt. So you do but counterfeit well, no matter which.

Clin. Ah, let me alone for counterfeiting, I defy a Woman to out-do me in that—Look you Sir, you ſhall hear———hem, hem. [*Roars out.*

Conſt. Very well——be ſure when I weep——

Clin. I'll make terrible faces——What think you, Sir, is not my pipe very muſical for weeping?

Conſt. O! Excellent.

Clin. But what does this ſignify! Where lies the Myſtery?

Conſt. Well, then——Since you muſt know it; You are not inſenſible how my father has treated me, ever ſince I refus'd to marry Mrs. Homebred, whoſe Manners ſuited with her Name, and her Face was coarſer than either; and becauſe I drew a Bill upon him for fifty Pounds laſt Campaign, he threatens to diſinherit me; nay and ſwears, that if for the future I don't make it appear I live upon half my Pay, he'll make my ſerjeant his Heir who was once his Footman. In ſhort, I can bear his ill uſage no longer.

Clin. Ah! Sir, had you married that Lady with twenty thouſand Pounds, you need not have drawn upon him for fifty.

Conſt. If ſhe had twenty times as much, I ſhou'd refuſe her for Belinda's ſake.

Clin. But Sir Jeffrey reſolves againſt that Match ——You muſt not marry his Steward's Daughter.

Conſt. I hope to prove you a Lyar, Sir; and by this Dreſs to carry my Deſign; which is to perſuade Truſty, that my Father dy'd of an Apoplexy, by which Means he muſt account with me for the half Year's Rent he ſent the old Gentleman Word was ready for him.

Clin. How much was it, Sir?

Conſt. Two thouſand Pounds, Clinch——This Letter I ſurpriz'd by an Accident; 'tis from my Father to him. [*Reads.*

Mr. Truſty, "The ſeveral Sums which you have return'd me without any Receipt, amount to eight hundred Pounds; there remains behind two thouſand two hundred Pound, which you tell me is ready for me! don't give yourſelf any Trouble about remitting that, for I deſign to be down myſelf in a Fortnight; and the Leaſes which you mention'd, ſhall be renewed.——You need write no more, till you ſee Your real Friend, Jeffrey Conſtant."

Clin. Excellent, Sir! Why here may be a pretty Penny towards, if the Devil don't croſs it. But, Sir, if my old Maſter ſhou'd take a Maggot, and write to Truſty, to return his Money after all—His Letter and our Story wou'd have ſmall Connexion, we ſhou'd be oblig'd to alter our Note. I wou'd adviſe you to take the old Steward to the Tavern, and ſtay as little in his Houſe as you can, for fear of Diſcovery: Beſides, Sir, a Glaſs of Wine and a Fowl, makes Buſineſs go on chearfully, Sir.

Conſt. Chearfully, Sirrah! ——You don't conſider that it is not my Buſineſs to be chearful.

Clinch. Indeed, Sir, you're right, for here comes Maſter Truſty; Therefore put on your crying Face.

Enter Truſty.

Tru. There's a Report that Sir Jeffrey Conſtant is dead; pray Heaven he ſettled his Affairs before he died; for I have no Receipt for the Money I paid him. *Aſide.*] Captain Conſtant, your Servant. (Conſtant *takes out his Handkerchief, and ſeems to weep.*) Good lack! the News is really true then, Sir Jeffrey is dead.

Clin. Ay, poor Gentleman, he's laid low———

Truſt. I confeſs I heard ſo, but I hop'd it might be Report only; I did deſign to have ſet out for London as ſoon as I had din'd———My heart akes ——Bleſs me! What have I paid without any Receipt?—I lov'd Sir Jeffrey like a Brother; truly I am very much troubled——— [*Seems to weep.*

Clin. Grief is very catching, I find; it makes me weep too—Be comforted, Sir, [To Conſtant.] Fathers muſt go as well as Sons.

We are all mortal Sir, Graſs and Hay
Here To morrow and gone to day.

Truſt. Pray of what diſtemper did he die?

Conſt. A Pox on the Doctors, for giving Death ſo many ſtrange Names? of an Apoplexy.

Clin. Yes, Sir—He died of a Perplexity, Sir.

Truſt. Of an Apoplexy! Why then I doubt he died ſuddenly.

Conſt. In a Moments Time, Sir. he was alive and dead———

Clin. Ay, without ever ſpeaking one Word, Sir.—

Truſt. Roars out.] Oh, oh, oh. Did he ſettle his Affairs in his Health? Did he make any Will?—

Clin. No, Sir; He has left all at ſixes and ſevens.

Truſt. Oh what have I loſt!

Conſt. I know you have loſt a Friend in my Father; but you ſhall find him again in me.

Truſt. Oh but he has left all Things at ſixes and ſevens;

ſevens; *Clinch* ſays——Did he ſay nothing to you about me before he dy'd?

Conſt. Not a Syllable——But I ſuppoſe your Concern proceeds from having paid him Money without any thing to ſhew for it under his hand.

Truſt. Ay, Sir, there's my misfortune—Oh, oh,

Clin. ——Let not that trouble you, Sir; my young Maſter has been inform'd to a Farthing what it was—Tell him, tell him, Sir, your Father appear'd, and let me alone to clinch it. [*Aſide to* Conſt.

Truſt. Inform'd!

Conſt. Yes, Mr. Truſty; my Father cou'd not reſt till he had diſclos'd your Affair.

Clin. Ah good honeſt Soul; ſeeing he was ſnatch'd away ſo ſuddenly, he has ſeveral times appeared.

Truſt. How! appear'd, ſay you?

Clin. Aſk my maſter elſe.

Conſt. Moſt certain, Sir——

Clin. He haunted us ſix Days like the Devil; ſometimes like a ſhag Dog—Sometimes like a white pidgeon—At laſt he came in the Shape, Sir—of his own Shape; and with a hollow Voice, he ſays—Clinch, ſays he, do you know me. Yes, Sir, ſays I, I do. Then addreſſing himſelf to my Maſter, don't be afraid, ſaid he, I come to tell you, that at ſeveral times I have received from Mr. Truſty——

Truſt. Ah dear Ghoſt, dear Ghoſt, how much did he ſay?

Conſt. Eight hundred Pounds.

Truſt. Right to a Penny, look ye there now, ſee what it is to deal with honeſt Men; one loſes nothing by them tho' in their Graves.

Clin. Oh, the Dead, Sir, are the honeſteſt People living.—And he charg'd me to tell you, for your Satisfaction, he wou'd come and give you an Acquitance himſelf.

Truſt. By no means, I am content, let the Dead viſit who they will for me.

Conſt. Oh fear not, Sir, he'll not trouble you; but

but to our buſineſs, Sir, what you have paid I will diſcount.

Truſt. And the reſt of the Money is at your Service, and my daughter too, Sir John, if you have not loſt the Remembrance of her.

Conſt. To ſhew you that I have not Mr. Truſty, I aſſure you ſhe will be the welcomeſt Preſent of the two.

Truſt. Say you ſo, Sir John! Well, I'll fetch the Writings, and diſpatch ſome Affairs, and then I'll carry you to my Daughter———But upon ſecond Thoughts, pleaſe to walk into my ſtudy, 'tis more convenient.

Conſt. With all my heart, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Truſty* in his ſtudy, with *Conſtant*, and *Clinch*. Papers and Money upon the Table.

Truſt. There, Sir John, there are in theſe Bags, Two and twenty hundred Pounds, which with the Eight hundred I remitted Sir Jeffrey, is juſt Three thouſand Pounds; if you pleaſe, you may count it, 'tis moſt in Gold.

Conſt. No, I'll take your Word for't; here Clinch, carry it to Drive the Carrier, he is juſt now going to London: order him where to pay it in, d'ye hear? You are ſo much afflicted Clinch, I am afraid you can't carry it.

Clin. No, Sir——I can hardly carry myſelf,

[*Exit with the Bags.*

Truſt. Poor Sir Jeffrey, reſt his Soul, did promiſe to bate me twenty Pounds a Year; for I have paid him two hundred Pounds a Year theſe ſixteen Years, for Land which is not worth an Hundred and fourſcore.

Enter *Roger*, a Farmer.

Rog. Morrow, Landlord, I ha' brought you a little Rent, and in troth 'tis but little neither; for we

we ha' had but a ſorry Crop of Barley, and the Crows, a murrain take 'em, ha' eat up all my Beans, I think.

Truſt. But you have a new Landlord, Roger. Old Sir Jeffrey is dead, and there's his Son.

Rog. Say you ſo, Maſter! Bleſs you, Sir, I did not know your Father, not I, tho' I have paid him many a fair Pound—Nor I don't know you; but an you be my Landlord, I'm an honeſt Man; and tho' I ſay it, pay my Rent as well as any body.

Conſt. I don't doubt it, Friend———I am ſorry your Harveſt has not prov'd as good as you expected.

Rog. I hope Maſter, for Luck' ſake now, you'll 'bate me ſomething of my Rent.

Conſt. I can't do that, *Roger*——For the Taxes take away all my Money.

Rog. Nay, as you ſay, Maſter, theſe Taxes are ſad things, that's the Truth on't—Od they find out ſtrange ways; they had got a Trick here once to make one pay for one's Head———Mercy on us, I was afraid they wou'd make one pay for one's Tail too———My Neighbour What do you call um—ſays it coſt him the Lord knows what in Buryings and Chriſtenings.——Adod 'tis a ſore thing, a Man muſt pay for lying with his own Wife.

Conſt. A Grievance indeed! but Taxes can't be help'd, ſo long as the Wars continue.

Rog. Wars! Why what need there be any Wars? Can't People live peacably and quietly among themſelves—If they will ſquabble and play the Rogue, let 'em go to Law; can't they ſet the Lawyers to work? I warrant they'll quickly make them as quiet as Lambs.

Conſt. But we are at Wars with a Prince that cares for no Laws but his own, nay he breaks them too, when 'tis his Intereſt.

Rog. Why then Mercy upon us, I ſay——Well an how! may one wiſh you much Joy? Ha, you

got a Wife, Landlord? By the Meſs you are a pretty Man—

Conſt. I'm not ſo happy yet, *Roger.*

Rog. Say you ſo? Good lack, I'm ſorry for't.—Why now here's Maſter Truſty has a good ſweetly look'd Gentlewoman to his Daughter—What thinks you of her, Landlord?—Od, and all Parties were agreed, ſhe'd make a rare Bedfellow, I'm perſuaded.

Conſt. Have you any Intereſt with her Father?

Rog. Not I, in Troth,——but the Gentlewoman is of a ſweet temper. I wiſh I could perſuade her to run away with you———For a pretty Woman is the beſt Luggage in the World———for when a Man is weary he may reſt upon it; ha, ha.

Conſt. You are a waggiſh, Roger.

Truſt. Yes, yes, Roger will joke; there's your Acquittance, if Sir John pleaſes to ſign it———

Conſt. 'Tis the ſame thing if you ſign it, Mr. Truſty. [*Signs the Note.*

Truſty. I find my Daughter ſtands fair in your nion, *Roger.*

Rog. Look ye, Sir———I hope you ar'n't angry—I meant no harm—I ſpoke as I thought; an I had a hundred Daughters, you ſhou'd have them all, an they wou'd, ha, ha.

Conſt. I am obliged to you truly. Prithee haſt thou never a ſingle one at preſent?

Rog. Not that I know of, in troth, Sir, but an you'll do me a ſmall Kindneſs, Sir, I may chance to get you one about fourteen Years hence.

Conſt. That will be ſomething too long to ſtay;—But what can I ſerve thee in Roger?

Rog. Why, Mrs. Belinda has a kind of a Maid called Dorothy; I have had a hankering Mind after her theſe two Years; but the ſhiving Baggage will not come to a Reſolution yet.

Truſt. You muſt apply yourſelf to my Daughter,

ter, Roger, ſhe'll be the beſt Advocate; but I doubt ſhe's too fine for you.

Rog. Too fine! nay, nay, I'll never quarrel with her for that, an ſhe can win Gold, as the ſaying is e'en let her wear it.

Truſt. But I doubt you are not fine enough for her.

Rog. Mayhap ſo, as you ſay; indeed I have not ſuch gay Clothes as theſe gentlefolk have, becauſe I can't afford it, de ye ſee? elſe I ſhou'd like 'em well enough—In troth, I believe I have ſome Seeds of a Gentleman in me; for methinks now I like broad Cloth better than my Leathern Breeches; and a Holland Shirt, far before an Hempen one—adod methinks, I, I, I could be well enough contented with a Bottle of Wine every day———I am mainly inclin'd to ſtrong Beer——and don't care a Farthing if I never were to drink any ſmall.

Conſt. Oh! extraordinary Symptoms of a Gentleman I'll aſſure you—Well, we'll ſpeak to Dolly for you.

Truſt. Ay, ay, we'll all ſpeak for you; go, go, into the Cellar then, and drink thy Belly full.

Conſt. Be ſure to drink Dolly's Health.

Rog. Thank you kindly, Sir,——Ay, ay, Maſter, that I will, I promiſe you, in a full Horn—So Landlord, good by to you with all my Heart [*Exit.*

Truſt. Now, Sir John, I'll ſend my Daughter to keep you Company, till I Look for Leaſes your Father order'd me to get drawn, which if you think fit to ſign—

Conſt. If the Tenants are able Men, with all my heart.

Truſt. Oh! very ſufficient Men, Sir John.

[*Exit* Tr.

Clin. Well, you have ſecured the Money, Sir, and my Advice is to diſpatch the Woman, as faſt as you can and find ſome Pretences to defer theſe Leaſes for two or three days———Sir Jeffrey is whimſical,

whimſical, and if he ſhou'd alter his Mind, and come down.—

Conſt. Here wou'd be no ſtaying for me, if he ſhou'd, therefore I deſign to be as quick as poſſible ———come Clinch, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Street before Mr,* Truſty's *Door*; Roger *comes out of the Houſe with a Pitchfork on his Shoulder and a Lanthorn in his Hand.*

Rog. IT will be very dark ere I get home ——— Od, I'm main merry, Maſter Truſty keeps rare happy Ale, and Dick the Butler is an honeſt Fellow; Lord, Sirs, how bravely theſe Gentlefolk live——Methinks I like it hugely; and I'm perſuaded, I was deſign'd for a Gentleman, but was ſpil'd in the making; nay, nay, I was made well enough too, that's the truth on't, but 'tis that damn'd Jade Fortune that has ſpoil'd me; for an I had an Eſtate now, I know how to live like a Gentleman ———I could ſcorn the Poor, and ſcrew up my Tenants, and wou'd ſooner give Ten Pound to a Wench than Two-pence for Charity; I cou'd quickly turn——My Cart into a coach, and my Man Plod into a Coachman——I cou'd hurry into the Tradeſmen's Books—Wear fine Cloathes, and never pay for them—Lie with their Wives, and make my Footmen beat their Huſbands, when they come to aſk me for Money. Get drunk with Lords, and break the Watchmen's Heads, ſcour the ſtreets and ſleep in a Bawdyhouſe — ſell my Lands and pay no Debts——Get a Charge of Baſtards for the Pariſh to maintain—Then by the Help of a Commiſſion, tranſport myſelf out of their Reach.

Enter

Enter Sir Jeffrey Conſtant, *in a riding Habit.*

Sir *Jeff.* Do you hear, Friend?

Rog. Mayhap I do—And Mayhap I do not; What then, Sir?

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, the Matter's not great—Do you live at that Houſe?

Rog. I did a little while a go——When I was in the Cellar.

Sir *Jeff.* A comical Fellow. Then you don't ſerve Mr. Truſty?

Rog. No, Sir, I ſerve his Maſter, tho' as moſt Farmers do their Landlords.

Sir *Jeff* I underſtand you: You rent one of the Knight's Farms?

Rog. Ay and a plaguy dear one too———

Sir *Jeff.* Say you ſo! That's a pity; I'll ſpeak a good Word for thee—Is Mr. Truſty at home?

Rog. I thank you heartily. Yes, Sir, he's at home? [*Runs to the Door and knocks.* Truſty *opens the Door and ſhrieks out, and throws it to again*] Wookers, what's the Matter now?

Sir *Jeff.* Was not that Mr. Truſty?

Rog. Yes, Sir, I think ſo.

Clin Within] Oh undone, undone; [Clin. *peeps out. as affrighted,*] here's my old maſter.

Sir *Jeff.* What's that?

Rog. Nay, I heard a Noiſe, but can't tell what they ſaid—but an you pleaſe to come wo' me, Sir, I'll carry you in the Back-way.

Sir *Jeff.* The Back-way——What can be the Meaning of this? Why ſhou'd he ſtart at the Sight of me? There muſt be ſomething more in it than I can fathom; and yet I think he's an honeſt Man. I never found any thing to the contrary. Prithee, Friend, knock again. [Roger *knocks, then liſtens.*

Rog. They are all aſleep, Sir——For I cannot ſo much as hear a Mouſe ſtir———

Sir *Jeff.* Aſleep! That's impoſſible———But

come Friend, ſhow me the Back-door you ſpoke of———

Rog. Ay, Sir: But upon ſecond Thoughts—I muſt be a little wary too. Are you not ſome Rogue, that comes to rob the Houſe with half a dozen of Piſtols about you? For look ye, I'm an honeſt Man and won't be drawn in for a Halter.

Sir *Jeff.* You Raſcal, do I look like a Thief!

Rog. Nay, nay, as for Looks—That's no Matter, de ye ſee—I have known many a Rogue with as good a Countenance——No Diſparagement to your's, I promiſe you. So that I ſhall not ſtir one Step without you'll ſtand Search.

Sir *Jeff.* I ſhall break your Head, Sirrah, if you provoke me, I tell you but that.

Rog. And what muſt I be doing in the mean Time, ——Ha! old Gentleman? Break my Head, quotha!—You are miſtaken———We don't uſe to take broken Heads in our Country, mun——Ha, ha, I won't ſhew you the Back-door now, and how will you help yourſelf?

Sir *Jeff.* I know all the Doors of this Houſe as well as you—And can ſhew myſelf in—— *(Going.*

Rog. Can you ſo—but I will watch you—I wonder who this old Fellow is.

Sir *Jeff.* Sure ſome Madneſs has ſeiz'd the Family; for certainly I'm not chang'd———Without Diſpute, Truſty knows me; but I'll find the Cauſe preſently.

Rog. And ſo will I——— [*Exit.*

Enter out of the houſe Capt. Conſtant *and* Clinch.

Clin. So, Sir, here's Muſick to your Wedding with a Witneſs. What do you intend to do now? ——Do you think it poſſible to perſuade your Father too, that he died of an Apoplexy.

Conſt. I fear, Clinch, that's beyond the Art of thy Impudence to do———

Clin. Nay, this Plot was none of my Impudence's contriving,

contriving, that's my comfort—I'm but a Servant; you told me, you was in Mourning for your Father ——And faith I reſolve not to believe the Father to the contrary.

Conſt. Why thou can'ſt not ſure have the Confidence to ſtand it out to his Face.

Con. Never fear me, Sir—You don't know what I can do—What ſay you, Sir? ſhall we perſuade the old Gentleman into a Ghoſt; or will you own your Fault and refund the Money?

Conſt. Neither, Clinch--I have more Duty, than to attempt the one; and more Neceſſity, than to ſubmit to the other——

Clin. Nay, if you be ſo divided--What do you propoſe?

Conſt. I know not what to do—I'm glad the Ceremony was over, before he came, but ſtay and uſe your own Diſcretion—If you can banter Sir Jeffrey, and ſave your Bones do; but be ſure to give us Notice of all that paſſes.

Clin. What if my bones are broke?———I thank you heartly for your Love, Sir.

Conſt. No, no, Clinch; take heed you keep out of the Reach of his Cane.

Clin. Or he'll make me feel he's Fleſh and Blood. —Hark, I hear him coming, Good-bye to you, Sir.——— *(Runs in.*

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Well, I'm glad my Lady's marry'd; for if this old Spark had come three Hours ſooner, I wou'd not have ventur'd Two to Ten of the Match ———I can't imagine where the Bridegroom's gone——Nor what he will do, when my Maſter comes to have a right Underſtanding; but I reſolve to keep him ignorant as long as I can. Ho, here he comes,

Enter Truſty.

Oh, Sir, I am frighted out of my Wits; I went to ſerve my Lady's Italian Greyhound, and I found a great ſwinging Dog, as large as an Ox, with two great Eyes, as big as Buſhels; and before I could call out,———Whip it was vaniſh'd———

Truſt. Mercy upon us———'Twas certainly Sir Jeffrey——Clinch? Clinch? Clinch? [*Enter* Clinch.

Clin. Sir, did you call———

Truſt. Did not you ſay your old Maſter appear'd in the Shape of a Dog?

Clin. Ay, Sir, ſeveral times.

Dolly. In a huge great Dog?

Truſt. As big as an Ox.

Dol. Ay, Sir, as big as an Elephant.

Clin. Ay, Sir, five Times as big as an Elephant.

Dolly. Ah! then it was certainly him I ſaw. Oh dear, oh dear, if the Houſe be haunted, I muſt leave it. I cannot live in't, if I might have a thouſand Pounds; and may be he'll appear to no body but me—I am ſure I never did him any harm; 'tis true I did not love him, becauſe he was ſomething ſtingey—He never gave me a Farthing in his Life—

Truſt. Nay, for that Matter, I have got many a fair Pound by him, and yet he appear'd to me to Day,

Clin. Indeed, Sir! in what ſhape, pray?

Dolly. Like an Ox. or an Elephant?

Truſt. No, in his own Shape; but I wiſh I may never ſee him more, for I was horribly ſcar'd.

Clin. What, had he a cloven Foot, Sir, did you mind?

Truſt. Nay, for my part—I know not whether he had any Feet or no———Ha! bleſs me, defend me, ——protect me——avoid Satin—*(Retreating all this while.)* I never wrong'd that Form, which thou haſt ta'en; ſo tell him—And for my Money,

Money, I have accounted for that, and all Things are rectify'd— *(Exit.*

Enter Sir *Jeffrey*, amaz'd.

Dolly. Oh! ſhield me ye ſtars, *(Runs in.*

Clin. O Legs! ſave me, ſave me. *Runs in.*

Enter *Roger*.

Sir *Jeff.* What! Am I become a Monſter? Do I affright all I come near? What can be the Reaſon of this? The Doors are all barricaded; and when I knock, none will anſwer—Prithee, Friend, aſk ſomebody the Cauſe of theſe Diſorders?

Rog. No! Sir, I'll not budge a Foot: for I don't know what to ſay to you. The Family were all well, and in their right Senſes, when I left them? and now upon Sight of you, they are all diſtracted, I think—I wiſh you be'n't a Conjurer.

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah, I believe you are the Devil: This Fellow will make me mad. This muſt be ſome Stratagem to abuſe me; and this Rogue is in their Intereſt. Why don't you go about your Buſineſs, Sirrah? What do you hanker after me for?

Rog. Nay—an you go to that, what do you lounge about this Houſe for?—Oh! Dolly, are you there: here's an old Gentleman is quite out of patience.

Dolly. Trembling above) Oh, oh, oh, oh.——

Rog. Hey day! What have you got the palſy?

Sir *Jeff.* What ails you to tremble ſo, Sweetheart? Is Mr. Truſty within?

Dolly. I, I, I, I, I, o, o, o, o, o, Roger—Ha, ha, have a care, ca, care——Don't yo, yo, you come near him—Not let him to, to, to, touch you, even with his little Finger————

Sir *Jeff.* Bleſs me! what ails the Wench?

Rog. No, why what's the Matter? He has not the Plague about him, has he? Or is he a Spy from the King of *France*—Od an he be, I'll maul him—

Dolly. Oh, oh,—'tis a, a, Ghoſt.

Rog.

Rog. The Devil it is—[Takes his Pitchfork off his Shoulder, and holds it at Sir *Jeffrey*.

Sir *Jeff.* A Ghoſt, where?——Who—What's a Ghoſt? Death, what means ſhe?

Rog. Od's fleſh, my Hair ſtands an end. Look ye—Keep off Mr. Belzebub, or—or——

Sir *Jeff.* Look ye, Sweetheart, what Frenzy has poſſeſs'd you, I know not—but if you take me for a Ghoſt—You are deceived. Therefore look well at me—Do I not appear like Fleſh and Blood?

Dolly. Ay bo, bo, bo, but we, we, we know yo, yo, you a, a, a, are not ſo Sir,

Sir *Jeff.* Zounds, will they perſuade me out of my Life? See, Friend,—Do I walk like a Spirit? Do the Dead move, and talk as I do?

Rog. When I am dead,——if you aſk me, I'll reſolve you, if I can.

Sir *Jeff.* Why! Feel me, feel me.

Rog. Feel the Devil——Mercy upon me—Keep off, I ſay—Will ye——Or I'll ſtick your Ghoſtſhip thro' the Guts——

Sir *Jeff.* What ſhall I do? ——Nay, prithee Friend.

Rog. Friend me no Friends—Look ye, I am not to be coax'd by the Devil, when I know'tis the Devil. Indeed when you are got into a Lawyer or a handſome Woman, one may be trapann'd

Sir *Jeff.* Why will you be ſo poſitive? Has any Body impos'd upon you?——Pray who told you I was dead.

Dolly. Thoſe that knew very well, Sir.

Enter Clinch.

But I am not able to bear the Sight of you any longer—Now let Clinch take his Part. *(Exit.*

Sir *Jeff.* Go be hang'd——Hell and Furies!—Ha, what do I ſee——My Son's Man! Sirrah, what makes you here?

Clin. Mercy upon me——

Sir *Jeff.* What do you ſtare at, Raſcal, ha?

Clin.

Clin. But that I believe you are dead, Sir, or I ſhou'd ſwear you are alive———

Sir *Jeff.* You believe I am dead, Rogue!——How dare you believe ſuch an impudent Lye? Where's the Rake your Maſter? I find now who has rais'd this Report Sirrah, what's your buſineſs here?

Clin. To wait on my Maſter, Sir——

Sir *Jeff.* To wait on your Maſter——And where is your Maſter, pray?

Clin. Nay, for my Part, Sir I am not qualify'd enough to anſwer a Spirit——There's Mr. Anthem, the Afternoon Lecturer within; Roger here may ſtep and call him out a little.

Rog. With all my Heart—If there be any Thing that troubles his Mind I'll go this Minute—

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah—I'll qualify you for an Hoſpital—I will ye Dog— (*Runs after him.*

Clin. Oh, oh, oh.

Rog. Well run Clinch; Well run Ghoſt!——Ad 'tis a plaguy malicious Spirit tho'.

Clin. Oh, oh, oh. (*Runs in.*

Rog. I'll venture to ſpeak to it once more——In the Name of Goodneſs—What is that diſturbs your Reſt? Pray tell me; and as I'm an honeſt Man, I'll do you Juſtice as far as Twenty Pounds a Year Free-Land, and all the Crops of my Farm goes——For I perceive you was my Landlord, whilſt you was living; and tho' your Son ſeems to be a very honeſt Gentleman, yet I don't know what he may prove for a Landlord——Then pray ſpeak, can I ſerve you.

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis in vain to be angry——I muſt ſeem to comply with this Fellow—Yes, Friend 'tis in thy Power to ſerve me; if thou can'ſt procure me the Sight of Mr. Truſty, 'tis with him my Buſineſs is.

Rog. I'll do my beſt Endeavours, Sir——but keep your Diſtance——(*He goes a little Ways then turns*

turns back.) But hark ye, Sir, ſuppoſe he won't come out, can't I tell him your Mind;

Sir *Jeff.* No, no, I muſt ſpeak with him myſelf ——Death!————

Rog. Good lack————What, perhaps——your Soul won't reſt elſe—

Sir *Jeff.* Heaven give me Patience.

Rog. (Going, turns back) But after you have ſpoken with him, will you be quiet, and haunt this Houſe no more? that's the Queſtion, look ye.

Sir *Jeff.* A Pox of thy impertinent Interrogations; no————

Rog. That's enough!————but hold, muſt he come out, or ſpeak to you through the Window?

Sir *Jeff.* Any way, ſo I do but ſpeak to him—Oh, oh!——

Rog. Very well, very well, *(Going.)* But heark ye, Sir Ghoſt—you'll be here—or Mr. Truſty will be woundy angry with me.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh, Patience, Patience! or I ſhall burſt (*Aſide*) Ay, ay, I'll not ſtir.

Rog. Well, I'll take your Word. *(Going.)* Hold, hold, one Thing more and I ha' done—Pray tell me the Nature of a Ghoſt——do you troubled Spirits fly in the Air or ſwim in the Water, pray?

Sir *Jeff.* Oh, the Devil——

Rog. Mercy upon us! What, are you the Devil, ſay you? Oh Heaven help you! Well then, are you ſure he will ſee you? for every Body can't ſee a Ghoſt, they ſay, eſpecially if the Devil be in't.

Sir *Jeff.* Zounds, I tell you, he'll ſee me as plain as you ſee me.

Rog. Nay, nay, that's plain enough——Well, I'll knock, but, but, but don't you come an Inch nearer me, I charge you. (*Knocks.*

Sir *Jeff.* Wou'd I had been a hundred Miles off, when I firſt ſaw thee. What has my graceleſs Son been doing?

Dolly. Who's there? (*Speaks within.*

Rog.

Rog. 'Tis I, *Dolly*, prithee tell Maſter Truſty that he muſt ſpeak to this Ghoſt, or there's nothing to be done——

Dolly. I doubt he will not be perſuaded to it.

Rog. Why, let him ſpeak to it through the Window, or from the Top of the Houſe——ſo he does but ſpeak to it; but in ſhort it muſt be ſpoke to, and by him, for it is a confounded ſullen Spirit, and will tell its Mind to nobody elſe——He ſmells curſedly of Brimſtone——Look ye, if Maſter will come out, it ſhan't hurt him,—for I'll keep it off with my Fork, ſo tell him Dolly.

Dolly. I'll inform him.

Truſty *opens the Window.*

Rog. So I have done it, you ſee,——Here's Maſter Truſty. *(Going towards the Window.*

Sir *Jeff.* I thank you.

Truſt. I am not able to ſtand, if it comes near me ——Why are you thus diſturb'd, Sir *Jeffrey*?—I aſſure you, your Son has done every thing very juſtly.

Sir Jeff. Why are you thus impos'd upon, Mr. *Truſty*, to believe I am dead?——My Son quotha! ——Oh that I had never got that Son——*(Weeps.*

Truſt. I know not what to think; ſure 'tis no Ghoſt.

Rog. Well this Thing is the likeſt Fleſh and Blood that ever I ſaw.

Sir Jeff. Pray do you but touch me, Mr. Truſty, —'tis very odd, you will not be perſuaded to touch me. *(Puts out his Hand towards the Window.*

Rog. Take Heed, Mr. *Truſty.*

Truſt. Why ſhould I fear, I never wrong'd him ——I'll venture; but firſt——*(holds up his Hands as if he pray'd)* now—ha! 'tis a real Hand. ——He's living; Sir, I am convinc'd.

Rog. Say you ſo——why then if you are alive,

the Fright's over, and I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Truſt. I aſk your Pardon, Sir; I have been abus'd——groſly abus'd; *Sir Jeffery* your ſon came down in mourning, and aſſured me you was dead.

Sir Jeff. I'll make him mourn for ſomething, I warrant you.

Truſt. Ah! that he does already, Sir, for I have paid him all the Rents in my Hands.

Sir Jeff. Have you ſo—'Tis the laſt Rent he ſhall ever take for any Land of mine——I'll diſinherit him this Day.

Truſt. Oh! undone for ever——Oh, oh, oh!

Rog. Here's ſmall Mirth towards, as far as I can find. I'll e'en take t'other Horn of Ale, and t'other Buſs of Dolly. *(Exit into the Houſe.*

(Clinch *liſtening.*

Sir Jeff. What has the Rogue's Extravagance coſt me? But if he ſtarves for the future, I care not; he never ſhall get a Groat from me.

Clin. Nay then we may all go for Soldiers. *(Aſide.*

Sir Jeff. Where is he?

Truſt. Oh, oh, oh; I know not; but wherever he is—I am wretched; he has made me miſerable, I'm ſure. Oh, oh, oh.

Sir Jeff. No, Mr. *Truſty*; though you have us'd me dirtily, in making me the Jeſt of your family; for you might have diſcover'd the Impoſture with leſs Precaution; yet I'll not take that Advantage which the Laws allow. You have ſerv'd me long; and I believe you honeſt. I'll diſcharge you from what you have paid my undutiful Child—Let him take what he has got, and make the beſt on't.

Clin. That's ſomething however. *(Aſide.*

Truſt. You are generous, *Sir Jeffrey*, even beyond my Hopes: But Oh! there is yet a greater Offence behind, which cuts me deeper than the Money——Alas my Daughter——

Sir Jeff. What of her?

Truſt.

Truſt. Is married to your ſon; oh, oh, oh!

Sir Jeff. Then he is compleatly wretched—A Wife, and no Eſtate; ha, ha, ha; I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

Clin. There's a kind Father now—I muſt give my Maſter Notice of his good Fortune. (*Exit.*

Truſt. Oh! ſay not ſo, Sir; be not glad of my Child's Ruin; had I known you lived, the Match had never been.

Sir Jeff. Go you are not the Man I took you for —you are but a Knave. You ought to have been as juſt to my Heir, as myſelf—What, was your Blood fit to be popt into my Eſtate? Ha! or have you been really a Steward, and cheated me out of a Fortune for your Daughter?

Enter Capt. Conſtant, *and* Belinda.

——Oh thou graceleſs Wretch, get out of my Sight.

Conſt. (*Kneeling.*) I confeſs, ſir, I am unworthy of your Mercy, but throw myſelf wholly upon your good Nature and fatherly Affection, with this Reſolution, never to attempt aught againſt your Pleaſure more.

Sir Jeff. No, ſir, nothing you can do for the future, ſhall either pleaſe, or diſpleaſe me:—mark that.

Bel. Give us your Bleſſing, ſir, and we ſhall never quarrel with Fortune for her Favours: Love ſhall ſupply that Defect; my chief Concern ſhall be to ſhew my Duty, and by my Care to pleaſe you, prove the entire Affection I have for your Son, and that Way make up the inequality of my Birth and Fortune.

Sir. Jeff. You ſhall never make up any Thing with me I promiſe you, Madam, whilſt he is your Father,—Death, to marry my Slave!

Truſt. The Name of Slave belongs not to us free-born People; but were I your Slave, ſhe is no Child of

of mine, but Daughter to my Lord *Belville*; which I have brought up ever ſince ſhe was three Days old.

Sir Jeff. Is it poſſible! Od, Madam, I wiſh you Joy with all my Soul, and if this is Matter of Fact, you ſhall go to Flanders no more, Jack.

Enter Roger *and* Dolly.

Rog. Save you all—— Maſter and Landlord that was, and Maſter and Landlord that is, I'm glad to hear all is over, with all my Soul—I hope you'll not forget your Promiſe, tho' to your poor Tenant Roger—which was to ſpeak to Maſter—no, no, ſpeak to yourſelf now, Sir——my Farm is wounds dear.

Truſt. You are wond'rous merry, *Roger*.

Rog. So is every Body you know, Sir, when they are prepared for the Parſon; are they not, Mrs. *Belinda*? I hope I ſhall have your Conſent; for I have got Dolly in the Mind at laſt.

Bel. I wiſh you Joy with all my Heart, *Roger*.

Conſt. I am glad to ſee you follow your Lady's Example, Mrs. *Dorothy*.

Dolly. She ſet too good a Pattern, not to imitate, Sir.

Conſt. Now I am happy.——

Belinda mine, and you my Faults forgive;
'Tis from this moment I begin to live,
Love ſprung the Mine, and made the breach in Duty,
No cannon ball can execute like Beauty.
But I'll no more in ſearch of Pleaſure rove,
Since every Bleſſing is compriz'd in Love.

[*Exeunt.*

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